

thoughtless indulgence by iiruwu

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alternate Universe - College/University, Bisexual Steve Harrington, Drunkenness, F/F, First Kiss, First Meetings, Sexual Tension, Useless Lesbians, harringrove is mentioned, i did not proof-read this be prepared for mistakes

Language: English

Characters: Nancy Wheeler, Robin Buckley, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Robin Buckley & Steve Harrington, Robin Buckley/Nancy Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2021-06-16

Updated: 2021-06-16

Packaged: 2022-03-31 14:23:34

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 6,980

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Robin's back straightens, as though to get a better look at the stranger further off, and her heart skips a beat. She has short, brown hair that is obviously permed but isn't tacky and lips that shine amidst the lights directly above her, slightly parted as she exhales. Her cheekbones are high on her face and her jaw is refined, sharp but not jagged— just like the rest of her. She seems put-together and dainty but still fierce-looking.

Robin takes a deep breath but it's more like a desperate gulp for air rather than anything else. Steve looks up at the sound she makes and furrows his brows, wiping at the sweat on his forehead. "What?"

She smacks at his arm as subtly as she can while still staring at her, refusing to move her head.

"Who in the hell is *that*?"

thoughtless indulgence

Author's Note:

hello hello! i'm back with more nancy/robin :D

here is some stuff to keep in mind while reading:

- this is still set in the 80s!
- there is no upside-down and thus, no trauma so they're a little softer around the edges :)
- in this, nancy does not go to hawkins highschool! this is why robin doesn't know her

pls enjoy!! <3

It seems like everywhere Robin goes, her past follows closely behind her, like a shadow looming over her dreadfully.

Right from the moment she'd first stepped onto campus at Hawkins University, during the very beginning of the year, Robin ran right into Steve fucking Harrington. *King* Steve. And she shouldn't really be too surprised about someone from Hawkins going here, but the university really only shared association to Hawkins by name only. It was really far from the town itself and yet here Steve was, out in the middle of nowhere along with her.

She could've sworn she saw the crown atop his head as he shifted his backpack to the side and looked at her with a perfectly neutral expression— the look of someone that didn't know who Robin was or cared to. Hilarious, truly. After three classes with him in high school, two of which she'd been seated literally only one or two spots away from him, he still had not the slightest clue as to her existence.

That day, Robin simply brushed past him without looking back. She

walked and walked and hoped that she wouldn't see anything else reminiscent of that stupid town again. Robin tried to convince herself that the campus was surely full of a diverse, *new* group of people. People that didn't know her or associated the word faggot with her automatically. People that didn't dislike her.

Days pass. She sees a few familiar faces here and there, sprinkled in the crowds of people at lectures and in quiet, desolate study halls. They don't bother her and she doesn't bother them.

But aside from that? There's no one that particularly sticks out.

If she doesn't count Steve, that is.

The motherfucker seems to show up *everywhere* she is, somehow. At first it's only once in a while, in the library or around the dormitories, his face a nuisance. Seeing him scared her in the same way that seeing a ghost in the dead of night would. It was haunting. Eventually, he begins loitering around the outside of one of her lecture halls twice a week with a cigarette between his lips, always waiting for some random chick to arrive so they could chatter mindlessly between the door and the vending machine. Soon enough she sees him all over, lingering. Even at parties that Robin's occasionally dragged to by friends, in the corners or on the dance floor.

She tolerates it to the best of her ability (or lack thereof), changing her path to purposefully avoid him, always keeping an outwardly unbothered demeanor. But the world is cruel to Robin, and she's known this for a long time coming now, so when she sees him sitting in *her* spot in one of *her* classes looking like he's always belonged there, she isn't even surprised. She's just tired and so, so done with

him.

Normally, she tries not to look him in the eyes when they pass, afraid (and embarrassed about her fear) of seeing disgust or revulsion staring back at her. He might've seemed fine with her the first time they bumped into each other, but people from their old school liked to talk because they had nothing else to do, and Robin was sure that Steve had all sorts of people wrapped around his fingers even now. He's most likely heard it all. Once a person is king, their status never really quite goes away, she thinks. Not around Hawkins, at least.

Seeing that kind of look in his eyes would completely set her back, demolish all the progress she's made over the last few weeks. She isn't a queer or a geek or anything like that anymore. She's just Robin Buckley, and those who'd come to know her knew that she was actually pretty fucking cool.

Still, she has no choice but to walk to her designated seat— right in the back-centre portion of the lecture hall, where she can perfectly see the board without any heads obstructing the view— because Steve might be another shadow looming over her but Robin is too stubborn to let herself back down.

Squeak. Robin frowns deeply at the sounds her sneakers make as she walks, passing small groups of people conversing before the professor arrives . *Squeak.* If only she'd worn something different. *Squeak.* Maybe her combat boots, but even then, they made a lot of noise, too.

Squeak.

Steve's head tilts slightly at the noise, coming closer and closer, and lifts his head.

Squeak.

She stops right in front of him, arms at her sides, and doesn't know what to say.

His eyes are... neutral. Again. And tired-looking. Man, does this guy even sleep? The bags around his eyes are so big that they wouldn't even be considered carry-ons at an airport. She doesn't know what to do with the neutrality before her, having expected something entirely different, and so her mouth remains clamped shut in a strangely pleasant surprise.

"Uh..." He runs a hand through already disheveled hair, hands fidgety when they come down on the desk. "You need anything?"

Robin forces her jaw to unclench. "Are you new here? I've never seen you in this hall." *Try to be nice*, she asks of herself. It's hard to be most of the time, more-so when Hawkin's resident douchebag is sitting before her and *isn't* radiating douchebag-energy, for some reason. It makes her want to push his buttons, see what's lying underneath the surface.

He makes a weird face at the inquiry, even though her question is pretty standard, and she thinks she's somehow offended his inflated ego in some way. But then he's pursing his lips and nodding, and she watches as he leans back in his chair trying to look all cool - and almost falling in the process. "Yeah, why?"

Robin has to bite her lip to keep from laughing, because what the *fuck*. Is this even him? Maybe he had a doppelganger of some kind that was less of a dickwad and also somewhat of a hot mess. Minus the hot. “Well, you’re kinda... sitting in my seat.”

He jolts a bit when she says that, the pieces suddenly clicking together in his head, and she can’t help smiling at the slightly embarrassed look on his face. Wow, this is *not* King Steve. This isn’t even Prince Steve.

“Oh, shit! I’m—” He begins to say, but Robin is beginning to feel horrible for actually believing any of the bullshit surrounding Steve’s reputation, especially considering the fact that he’s treated her normally thus far despite the fact that *he* had to have heard something by now - so she interrupts out of guilt. He’s treated her nicely thus far and she should too.

“No, it’s fine. Not like these are assigned or some shit. You didn’t know.” Robin shrugs, her bracelets sliding down her slim arms with the motion. He slowly sits up and smiles at her, and although it looks sort of stretched thin, there’s still something to it that makes her smile back. It’s a little crooked and his eyes slightly crinkle. Too bad she’s a raging lesbian, he’s pretty attractive in a dorkish way.

Steve stands and steps aside, hands in the pockets of his windbreaker. She puts her bag on the desk and begins to move to sit, until she notices that he’s already begun to turn around and move somewhere else. Robin speaks without even thinking. “Hey! You can, like, sit *here*, you know? Practically the same view.” She gestures to the chair next to her.

Steve stops in his tracks, glances back at her. There's a lift to his brows, expression resembling both surprise and amusement. Robin grins slightly. He's sort of funny in that way where he isn't even trying to be, she thinks. He slides his backpack off his shoulders and sits down next to her.

"What?" She asks, because that look on his face is still there. A hand goes to the table, his head propped up against his hand.

"Oh! It's nothing, I just..." He pauses, a lopsided smile forming, "If this seat has the same view then why couldn't you sit here to begin with?"

Robin purses her lips and crosses her arms. A repertoire of excuses and reasons filter through her mind, but the reality of it is that she just didn't feel like it. He stares, waiting for an answer. She shrugs.

"Seriously?"

Robin snorts. He huffs through his nose, the look on his face fading into more of a mirthful exasperation. She watches as he reaches down to open his bag and rummages through his various notebooks, all of which look almost entirely unused despite it being half-way through fall semester.

Steve glances up at her through his surprisingly long lashes as he searches, hands still in his backpack, as though he can feel her stare on him. "What's your name?"

There were two ways that befriending Steve Harrington could go in Robin's mind. One: he tries to come on to her and she has to reject him. Two: they actually become close until eventually he figures her horrible, horrible secret out and leaves her like everyone else has. She contemplates momentarily. It'll always be like this for her— so why should she limit herself to begin with?

Robin tongues at her cheek nervously before deciding to try and befriend Steve Harrington of all people. "Robin."

He seems to have finally found whatever god-forsaken book he was searching for, dropping a spiral college-ruled notepad with slightly ripped edges and an unidentifiable stain. It's then that he lifts his head up fully, doe brown eyes meeting the pale blue awaiting him, a grin on his face.

"Steve," He says, and Robin nods, like she doesn't already know his name.

"I'm gonna die, Robin."

"Oh my god, for the millionth time- please shut *up*."

There's a fly buzzing somewhere, Robin isn't sure where, and she wants to kill it with all her might. She wants to kill everything that's moving within her vicinity, actually. Today is one of the hottest days they've had all throughout their late-spring, early-summer semester and the air conditioning in the lecture hall has stopped working and Robin is wearing a necklace that is way too tight around her neck. What a great day, right?

Steve makes yet another sound resembling that of a dying animal, face down on his desk next to her, the two of them in the same seats that they first exchanged names in. Several months have passed since then and, somehow, somehow, Robin's let Steve worm his way into her cold deserted heart. They're saving up to buy an apartment together, actually. Although today is shitty, it's a little bit better with him by her side.

"I have no clue how you have any friends, really." He says, shaking his head at her. "So mean." She glares at him with the heat of a million suns, scorching hot. Steve recoils.

"I'm gonna pin you to the floor later. On the bare concrete, too." She says, so serious.

"You wouldn't." Steve places a hand to his chest.

Robin crosses her arms and thinks about how hot the concrete is with the bare sun shining on it. He's definitely gonna feel that. It's hard *not* to feel the effects of the sun, no matter where you are anyways. Some people have taken advantage of the heat today and are tanning out and about campus with skimpy bikinis and boomboxes near their

towels. It was honestly pretty funny to witness while slightly hungover with the aftertaste of bile and shitty deli sandwich lingering in her throat as she walked to class a few hours ago.

College is a mess, frankly, but Robin enjoys it nonetheless.

“Don’t test me, dingus.” The words are lifeless when they leave her mouth, like she’s trying to conserve her energy by whatever means possible.

He rolls his eyes and decides to press his water bottle against his forehead in an attempt to alleviate the sweltering heat. If Robin looks closely, she can see the rivulets of sweat going down his temples. “Fuck off.”

They settle into a sweaty, dehydrated silence. Robin drums her nails across the table and stares at her own water bottle, sitting at the edge of her desk with droplets of condensation trickling down onto the table. It looks cool, but with how blisteringly hot it is in the room, she knows it’s probably just lukewarm at best if she were to take a sip. Robin sighs and slouches in her chair, casting a gaze down at the entrance to check whether their professor has arrived yet.

And, of course, he hasn’t.

That douchebag always came at *least* ten minutes late, and if someone, by some godforsaken chance, came after him? He’d spend five minutes lecturing the entire class on responsibility and being punctual. Robin hates him more than he hates the stupidly long assignments he gives them, and that’s saying something.

She tries to forget about his existence by scanning the crowd instead, looking at faces she's grown somewhat familiar with throughout her time in this class. There's a generally relaxed energy to the groups of people sprinkled about the room, several chatting without their books or notepads out. The end of the year is coming up and as of late many, including Robin, have resigned to not trying any longer.

It's nice to forget your responsibilities for a few weeks, Robin thinks as she stares at some random chick with long black hair and a walkman by her side. Maybe she should do the same. Her eyes stray to her bag momentarily, pale hands itching to rewind a cassette of hers and pop it right in— but then the sound of their creaky door opening catches her attention.

She looks up with an expression of disgruntled annoyance, assuming it's their professor that's waltzed right in without a care in the world, but instead, all Robin sees is one of the prettiest girls she thinks she's ever laid her eyes on.

Robin's back straightens, as though to get a better look at her further off, and her heart skips a beat. She has short, brown hair that is obviously permed but isn't tacky and lips that shine amidst the lights directly above her, slightly parted as she exhales. Her cheekbones are high on her face and her jaw is refined, sharp but not jagged— just like the rest of her. She seems put-together and dainty but still fierce-looking.

Robin takes a deep breath but it's more like a desperate gulp for air rather than anything else. Steve looks up at the sound she makes and furrows his brows, wiping at the sweat on his forehead. "What?"

She smacks at his arm as subtly as she can while still staring at her, refusing to move her head. “Who in the hell is *that*? ”

He sits up at that, at the downright desperate tone in her voice, and follows her stare until his eyes land on her. She watches him as he thinks about where he might have seen her before, and in the moment, she’s eternally thankful that he knows she’s a lesbian.

It was actually kind of funny. Robin had been thinking about how to tell him (or if she even should to begin with) for weeks prior, coming up empty as to what she’d do. They were at a party and Robin had been looking for him for a while now— he’s a bit of a runner when he gets drunk, always moving about— and when she finally found him, he was trading spit with some random blonde, long-haired frat boy that looked like a heartbreaker.

When they realized she was standing there, drink in hand and the look of someone that has had their world turned upside down on her face, the blonde one panicked and threatened her with a ferocity unlike any other until Steve explained that they were friends and then admitted he was... well, queer? He didn’t really know what he was, just that he liked who he liked and sometimes he liked men. It was on that night that she smiled and then told him she was a lesbian with his boyfriend sitting next to him.

So, yeah.

Whether they liked it or not, they were now bonded for life because there’s no way Robin’s ever letting this fucker leave him when he knows so much about her now. Too much, maybe. She’s told him everything; from family to feelings to secrets. And vice versa for him. They’re in deep together. Steve seems to not mind and Robin’s just

happy that someone accepts her for her, fully.

“Mmm...” The sound of Steve humming is somehow obnoxious to Robin, mainly because it’s unfitting for him to put so much thought into almost anything. He turns to her, finally. “I have no clue who she is.”

“Oh my god, seriously?” Nimble, manicured nails go to unclip a pin holding delicately made hair up, and Robin watches every movement from the stranger with the perm. “I swear you’re only ever useless when it actually matters.”

“Just because I know where to buy good weed and I know where the good parties are does *not* mean I know everyone on campus, jackass. That’s fuckin’ impossible.” He drawls, poking her in the shoulder. Robin doesn’t turn to look at him, still staring as she draws close.

Her outfit consists of a muted-pink blouse, speckled with intricate designs, and shorts that aren’t quite casual but aren’t formal, either. The only accessories she has are pearl earrings and a hair-tie around her wrist. She dresses like a bit of a priss but that doesn’t bother Robin, not at all. Actually, something about it just makes her even more enticing. Makes Robin wonder what she must be like beneath the glamor.

Just as Robin’s about to reply to Steve, she passes right by them, turning her head in their direction. Her mouth immediately clamps shut as wide, blue eyes observe. It’s not aimed at Steve or at the person behind her, but at Robin directly. If she wasn’t flustered before, she certainly is now with the intensity behind the gaze directed at her.

The moment is suddenly gone as quickly as it arrived, and she continues on to her seat without a word, biting her lip for some reason. Robin thinks she might be dreaming. Why was someone that beautiful in their class and why hasn't she ever seen her before? Why haven't *either* of them seen her?

"Wow, you didn't even bother to try and act uninterested." Steve says, hand over his mouth.

Robin pinches him right on the shoulder and he yelps. "What do you even mean? She looked at me first! Did you even see that?"

He rubs at his arm with an irritated scowl. "She was probably only looking 'cause you've been staring at her the whole damn time! Idiot."

God help Robin, because she is going to lose it one day. She refrains from hitting him for the millionth time and sits there with her hands on the desk, slightly twitching. "Stop being so fucking loud, jeez! What if she hears you? Oh my God, I need to know her name, Steve." She's basically spewing her thoughts at him as they come, fiddling with her rings nervously. The urge to go right up to her and ask pulsates deeply in Robin's bones, waiting to be placated even though the mere idea of doing that was absolutely revolting.

"Wow, you really got the hots for her. I haven't seen you this pent up about a chick since Tammy." He raises his brows, arms crossed.

She practically flinches at the mention of Tammy. That whole thing was horrible. Robin liked her for months only to find out she was dating some random ugly dude in her French Literature class. “Yuck, do *not* mention her.” She says, expression contorted into that of discomfort.

“Okay, okay.” He raises his hands like he’s actually sorry, and she can tell he is a little bit by the pursed lips, but he relents. “You should—oh!”

Suddenly, Steve is standing up, and Robin is left alone as he jogs down to someone coming through the door. She squints and realizes that it’s the professor who Steve’s flagged down, wearing a charming little grin that she knows is only skin-deep. He’s probably asking for extra-credit or something. Of course he is.

Robin exhales and looks down at her faded Bon Jovi muscle-tee, wiping at the tiny red stain she’d gotten on it earlier when she spilled some ketchup off her sandwich. How the hell is she supposed to befriend this girl? Befriending is what she calls it, but really it’s just gonna be a lame attempt at trying to see if maybe she’s interested in something more (which is probably not gonna happen anyways).

Just as she begins to internally formulate some kind of half-baked, shitty plan to go up to her, a glimpse of pink is in her peripheral vision again, and Robin’s head snaps up to see the same girl nearing her once more. She tenses in her seat, a wave of excitement settling over her at this second chance she’s being given.

Blue eyes glance at her, but it only lasts for a second or so this time before she bends down to do something that Robin can’t make out from where she is. Tying her shoes, maybe? Robin’s throat feels

immensely dry but she wills herself to speak. “Are you okay?” Is all she can manage, the question not making any sense at all. It takes everything within her not to up and leave before she further embarrasses herself.

“Oh,” Robin hears her voice from further down and then she’s standing upright, scratching the back of her head. “Yeah, I’m fine! I just realized I dropped my pin somewhere so I retraced my steps and...” She waves the pin in her hand around gently. Her voice is somewhat low and sweet. Robin really likes it.

“Is this your first time here? You- I just haven’t seen you before is all.” Robin blurts out, feeling stupid.

“Yeah, I am. I realized I was missing some credits so I pretty much begged to join this class. Said I’d catch up on the missing work and everything.” She explains without a hint of regret in her voice, like doing that many assignments near the end of the year is nothing for her. Robin lifts her brows and hums, impressed.

“Why didn’t you just do, like, summer classes or something?” Robin off-handedly asks, slightly surprised at how easy it is to talk to her. She’s right across from her, the two of them only separated by the desk alone, and from where Robin sits she can faintly smell the perfume she’s wearing. It’s sweet and heavy and it makes her lungs feel like they’re suffocating in a good way.

She makes a thoughtful face, lips forming a thin line. “I mean... I would, but that’s summer, you know? I don’t wanna ruin it with that stuff.”

“Makes sense.” Robin dryly says, her head feeling empty. “What’s your name?”

“Nancy.” She says, a hint of a smile on her shiny lips. “And yours?”

“Robin.” Robin can’t tell if she’s sweating because it’s hot or because this girl is so damn *pretty* and won’t stop looking at her.

“Nice to meet you, Robin.” Her smile widens, teetering on the edge of something like intrigue, and Robin feels her face grow warm. This is *exactly* how she met Steve, she’s realizing, but it makes her feel much more enthralled and *alive*. Something about that feels like a good omen to Robin.

“Yeah.” She breathes, looking up at bouncy curls and pretty eyes. Nancy. The name suits her. “I’ll see you around.”

It’s Friday— the last weekday before two way-too-short days of actual relaxation— when Robin decides to treat herself by buying as much junk food as she can at the local deli. She only has about six dollars in her pocket as she roams the sparse aisles, Keith the cashier staring at her over the tops of the shelves with an intense look in his eye. Probably because he thinks she’ll steal something (which is a

valid concern considering she has before).

She tries to ignore his existence completely as she makes her rounds, grabbing a Dr. Pepper for Steve when she reaches the refrigerators before continuing on. The lights in the deli are sort of dingy and tend to flicker a little bit, but it's hard to tell now considering that the sun is shining right at the windows near the front. The store is cast in a haze of light from the floor to the ceiling, shining against metal shelves obnoxiously. Robin scuffs her sneakers against worn tile and ducks her head a bit just to scare Keith, bored with the selection on display.

Snickers, Push-Pops, Oreos... lackluster, the lot of it. Robin half-heartedly takes some Hubba Bubba gum and stares down at the tacky pink packaging.

The color reminds her a little of Nancy and that shirt she wore, the first time they met.

Robin just hasn't been able to get her out of her head lately and it's killing her. They met on Wednesday, and then there was usually no class on Thursday, and today? She couldn't show up because she had to cram in a research paper at the library. Today was a mess, so she deserved some good food and a movie— maybe she'll get one at the Video Store or something.

Continuing her trek throughout the store, she begins to think about what movies there were to watch that she hasn't seen yet. The chime of a bell at the entrance finally has Keith looking away for the first time in minutes, head turned enough for Robin to relax a little. Night of the Hunter was one she's been hearing about for a while but hasn't gotten around to watching. It sounded sort of gory but that wasn't

that big of a deal to her. Mentally, her head ticks through the cost of the movies and the snacks combined, counting the cents left—

“Robin?”

Robin turns to see Nancy, standing there with a slushie in her hand and the outline of the sun behind her, creating a warm halo around wisps of brown hair. Fuck.

“Oh, it is you! I called your name a few times but you didn’t answer.”

God, she is so beautiful. What could Robin have possibly done to have someone this perfect stumble into her life as of late because seriously, she is at a loss for words right now. Nancy’s lips are stained red with slushie and there’s a little dimple to the left of her cheek that seems to appear whenever she smiles, eyes crinkled. Her eyes are coaxing, urging her towards something, but Robin doesn’t know what. She follows anyway.

“Sorry, I was sorta spacing out. It’s definitely me.” Robin tries to smile back at her as naturally as possible, her heart pounding in her ears.

Nancy nods like she understands and rocks on her heels slightly, arms behind her back. “Looks like we had the same idea, huh?”

It’s only then that Robin looks down and sees a variety of snacks in her arms, chips and cookies and all sorts of sugary things in between

her dainty arms. “I guess so. You have a lot there though, damn. What’re you planning to do with all of that?” She tilts her head curiously, feeling the steady monotony of conversation beginning to ease her nerves.

“Ah, not much. Probably just gonna munch these with my friends in our car or something.” Nancy hums, hand going to wipe at her bottom lip. Robin swallows thickly and watches the pad of her thumb swipe across red skin before her arm falls to her side once more. She wonders how her touch must be, if it’s soft and just as enticing as her stare or if it’s more pressing and eager. Her skin tingles.

“Sounds fun.” Robin clears her throat obnoxiously. “I was thinking about renting a movie.”

Nancy makes a curious noise at that, eyes observing the bob in Robin’s throat as she swallows again. “Nice, any specific ones in mind?”

Robin can’t help but feel confused about their conversation, about how it seems to be about nothing and yet her entire body feels like fireworks after they explode in the night sky. Millions of colors, a light so blinding that it overtakes the entirety of the horizon. “I don’t know. Maybe some horror or something.”

“Really?” Her brows furrow and Robin cracks a smile at that. “I take it you liked Halloween, then.”

“Liked? I *still* like it. I think I was like one of the only people that dressed up this year.” Robin reminisces on walking around as

Beetlejuice and Lydia with Steve, the two of them mortified at the stares they got. (They were the life of the party later on in the night though, so the initial embarrassment ended up being worth it.)

She tells Nancy this with an exasperated grin on her face. “Oh my God, I remember you! Or- I saw you, actually. You passed me on the stairs in the morning and I was so caught off guard.” Nancy breaks off into a laugh that has Robin reeling at the fact that she caused something so nice-sounding. She laughs along and feels a familiar ache in her stomach, reminding her of Tammy. This feels better though.

“I was cool though! My costume was accurate as hell.” Robin defends herself, watching the mesmerizing lines of her face as they change and shift.

“Yeah, I’ll give you that. I think that was why I was so surprised to begin with, honestly. You *really* looked like Lydia from the side.” Nancy thinks back to that day, her nose scrunched as she recalls the mental image. Robin feels her cheeks flush a bit.

“So you admit I was cool, then?” She teases because she can’t help herself, not when there’s a pretty girl smiling at her and the sun is making her out to be an angel with a slushie in her hand.

“Yeah.” She nods. “You were cool.”

Robin’s face hurts from how hard she’s smiling but she can’t really help it. They’re both smiling, beaming really, and it’s honestly warmer than the summer heat itself. She wants to make this moment infinite, wants to store it inside her brain and come back to it whenever she wants to. But it’s impossible, which sucks, but Robin

thinks she'll live with it so long as she has another one of these moments with Nancy.

"Oh, you should probably head out! The Video Store closes at like, seven today." Nancy pulls them out of their little pocket of happiness with that, smile turning sad like she didn't want to ruin it. It makes her heart throb a tiny bit.

"Alright. See you next time." Robin knows she'll see her again, somewhere, someplace. She feels it.

"Yeah. See you." Nancy's expression is content as she begins to walk past, but then her free hand accidentally brushes against the side of her thighs, and it makes Robin jolt so badly the gum drops right out of her hand and onto the floor. It's as though electricity shoots through her in an instant, absolutely exhilarating.

"Oh, sorry!" Nancy retracts her arm and bends down to get it before Robin's brain can reboot, tufts of hair falling over her face subtly.

She straightens with the gum in her hand, inspecting it momentarily before looking up. "It's fine." Robin chokes out, opening her hand to Nancy.

Nancy seems much closer than she is in an instant as her hand grazes her outstretched palm. Before Robin can close her hand around the gum, though, she realizes Nancy hasn't pulled back. Her hand lingers there for a mere second or so, tentatively, finger dragging down the expanse of Robin's palm, nail-polish cold against her skin. It makes Robin's face feel warm and prickly.

Robin glances up, mouth agape, like she wants to say something, but Nancy isn't even looking. Her hand is gone in a flash, and there's a gleam in her eye as she begins to turn again.

Coaxing.

Robin begins to put the pieces together as Nancy walks off, mind racing.

A little known fact about Robin?

She loves parties. Always has.

There's something soothing about being nothing but a face in the crowd, a blur of motion to anyone watching her dance and move. In those moments, with nothing to think about but the taste of whatever is in her cup and how good she feels, her troubles mean nothing. Worries and disturbances are meaningless when she's in a room full of other people with their own set of problems that choose to throw them away for the night.

It's great, really. She'll never get enough of how gratifying it feels to let go, how much freedom she feels as she drunkenly screams the lyrics to some shitty pop song with Steve. ABBA is playing right now and although she's usually not a fan of them, their songs sound particularly good when playing from such loud speakers (although it might just be because she's shitfaced).

Robin isn't sure when she loses track of Steve in the commotion, laughing when her drink spills on her shirt and it forms a small stain that looks strikingly similar to a dick, and when she looks up to tell him with a grin on her face— he's gone.

She turns to the left, then the right, glancing behind her, and... nothing. Or - no one, rather. She frowns.

He always does this. Steve's a runner when he gets drunk. After a certain alcoholic limit is reached, he just up and sprints because he enjoys the wind on his face for some reason. Robin hates that about him but she gets it at the same time. The way he describes it to her— after she manages to capture him— makes it sound great.

Still, it's annoying and it never fails to temporarily ruin her mood. Robin stumbles over her feet a bit and weaves through the crowd, the dim lights not worsening her coordination by a fair amount. Someone yells at her when she steps on their feet by accident, but all she can muster is a laugh as she treks on, finally breaking off into a less crowded part of the house within a few more steps.

Her brows pinch together as she thinks about the easiest way to find Steve. Running around like a chicken with it's head cut off is *not*

happening tonight, no way. She's tired from all the moving around she's already been doing and as much as she loves him, physical activity is one of the things she hates most in this world.

Barely open eyes drift around, looking into the hallway to her left and up towards the stairs.

"Ah-ha!" Robin exclaims, stumbling upon a moment of clarity.

She remembers there being a balcony on the second floor, having seen it on her way in earlier. Her drunk mind supplies the idea of scoping around Steve from there rather than aimlessly exploring, and she grins because wow, she is such a genius.

As Robin begins to clamber up the stairs, putting her cup down on a random table when reaching the top, she distantly thinks that maybe she was being a little dramatic about hating Steve's run-offs. As much as they were annoying, it was kind of fun to search for him. It reminds her a little bit of Easter, back when she'd scrape her knees in dirt while looking for painted eggs in bushes and in bird houses.

It's like a game to her and it makes her feel like a kid again in the same way she feels like a kid when she usually talks to Steve. Stupid and giggly and fun.

Robin walks along the halls while thinking of him, opening doors incredibly slowly out of fear that she's going to find people having sex. One room becomes two, then three, and eventually she's opening the door at the very end of the lengthy corridor, hands curling around the metal doorknob.

She peers in quickly, eyes flitting to the bed fearfully, but it's empty and she makes out slanted moonlight and the gentle dance of a curtain against a breeze. Her stare follows its movements until Robin realizes that there's two doors leading out to a balcony, hidden behind sheer cloth.

Satisfied with her discovery, she closes the door behind her and begins to walk closer.

It's only when Robin further opens the already-ajar door that she realizes someone is standing there— with short brown hair and a sharp face and ridiculously bad dance moves.

Nancy, again.

Somehow, Robin thinks it's fitting that she dances so horribly. It isn't so much of a dance as it's more of just her swaying and moving her arms about, humming loudly to some song that stopped playing four minutes ago. There's a cup in her left hand, similar to the one she'd been holding earlier. Nancy seems lost in her own world, a dumb little smile on her face, eyes tightly shut. Robin simply leans back and takes her in.

Every motion from Nancy is bouncy, from how she moves her feet to the way her curls recoil all about. It's so cute that Robin has to take a deep breath, and when she does, Nancy finally realizes she's there.

She flounders, hands going to her face. "Oh my God, you creep! How

long have you been watching? Why didn't you say anything?"

Her face is so red that it matches the shade of her shirt, low-cut and ruffled. Robin laughs and tries not to look down. "Not too long. I just couldn't bring myself to talk, you looked really into it." She snorts at the frown on her face, how her nose wrinkles. She looks so nice no matter what expression is on her face. The moon paints one side of her face pale blue and it makes her look like she's glowing.

"I was. They played Laura Branigan and it got stuck in my head." Nancy seems like she's trying to ease herself of the embarrassment of being caught dancing horribly, voice somewhere between unbothered and horribly perturbed. "You like her?"

Robin moves to lean against the railing, mouth feeling dry as she gazes at her. Why did she come here again? She can't recall. "Laura's alright."

Clearly taken aback, Nancy's brows lift. She slowly shifts so that she's leaning as well, the two a few feet apart. "Only alright? I've never met someone that didn't like her."

"I mean, I never said I didn't like her." Robin tries to not look at Nancy for a moment and fails before even attempting to do so.

"I guess..." Nancy says, lips downturned. She tears her gaze away and looks at something in the street, eyes narrowed. She must be thinking. Robin observes the shift in her face, how her jaw unhinges. "Well what's one artist you really like?"

“What is it with all the *questions*? Jeez!” Robin complains but makes no move to protest any further, tilting her head in contemplation.

Her mind is honestly empty right now.

“I really, really, really...” She slurs, tongue darting out to wet her lips. Nancy has the same look in her eyes that she had back at that deli, curious and looking for something. Robin gives her an answer. “...really, really want to kiss you.”

“What?” She says, eyes wide.

“What?” Robin echoes her. Did she just say that out loud?

She questions reality for a moment, wondering when her thoughts had suddenly decided to muddle and lead her into a spontaneous confession. God, how does she fix this? Her mind races and she opens her mouth to try and salvage whatever has been blossoming between them, but then—

Lips smack into her with ferocity.

She wants to say that Nancy’s kissed her, but it’s honestly more of an attack on her than anything else. Robin’s back hits the railing behind her and she makes a sound of hurt-pleasure, desperately leaning into the body that so readily accepts her. Her lips taste like whiskey and that lip-balm she always wears that makes her mouth so shiny for no

reason— except, there is a reason, and Robin's only realizing this now. It's to attract, to lure in.

Her knee slots between Nancy's legs and she whines into her mouth, biting and licking. Robin's kissed all types of girls, but no one's ever come close to this, she thinks. Nancy is so aggressive with it that her head is spinning, sweat dripping down her temple as she clings onto the sides of her face. Hands slither around her waist and Robin can't help it if her back arches, nope. Not at all.

They only part when Robin's lips begin to hurt with how much they've been drunkenly gnawed at. She pants and wipes at her mouth, staring at Nancy. "You are... you..." She tries to speak but can't find the words to describe Nancy.

"That was *not* the way I thought we'd kiss for the first time." Nancy chuckles, her shirt all messed up. She tries to smooth out the wrinkles to no avail.

"Yeah, me too." Robin laughs right along with her, back aching. The two giggle and draw close once more, this time at a slower pace, breath ghosting over each other's faces.

"I better remember this tomorrow." Nancy utters before kissing her again.

Author's Note:

this took me a while to write mainly cuz i've fallen out of stranger things as of late sadly, so no more stranger things stuff for now :(i'll definitely be back once the new season drops though! we're gonna have an abundance of robin/nancy content so i'll

definitely be returning- just not rn.

thank you for reading and happy pride month!!^^